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# The Deaf-Mutes' Home Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

## VOLUME VII.

### POETRY.

#### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I hear thy voice, oh spring!  
Its flute-like tones are floating through the air,  
Winning my soul, by their wild ravishing,  
From earth's heart-wearing care.

Divinely sweet thy song!  
And yet methinks, as near the groves I pass,  
Low sighs on viewless wings are borne along,  
Tears gem the springing grass.

For where are they—  
The young and beautiful, who when thy voice  
A year ago along these valleys rung,  
Did hear thee and rejoice?

Thou seest them no more!  
No more they meet in the joyous round;  
Calmly they sleep beneath the murmuring main,  
Or moulder under ground.

Yet peace, my heart, be still;  
Look upward to thy azure sky, and know  
To heaven's music now their bosoms thrill,  
Where balmy breezes blow.

For them has bloomed a spring  
Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod,  
Whose music is in the song that seraphs sing,  
Whose light, the smile of God.

#### STORE TELLER.

#### A ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES.

I am a Spaniard and the only son  
and sole heir of Don Guzman de Man-  
soria, a grandee of Spain of the second  
class, by whom I was educated accord-  
ing to my fortune and exalted rank.

At the age of twenty-five I lost my  
father. It is the custom in Spain that  
at the death of a father the nobles  
should wear mourning for one year and  
pass that time in a state of absolute  
solitude at their remotest estates.

I loved my father tenderly, and deeply  
regretted his loss. I observed my country's  
custom on that event as a holy  
duty, and in conformity thereto  
removed into Aragon, where I had a cas-  
telle situated at the foot of Mount Malat-  
tia, on the extreme frontier, between  
Spain and France.

This was in the year 1779, when Spain was still beau-  
tiful and mighty, although the nobility  
and clergy ruled it with an iron  
despotism; and the feudal laws, more rig-  
orously enforced than they had ever been,

even in France, were better consolidat-  
ed by the perfect understanding on  
this point between the priests and the  
Crown. The nobles ruled the people,  
and the King ruled all. For my part,

I frankly admit that I was proud of my  
title of Count, and prized the preroga-  
tives of my rank and the rights of my  
birth. My steward dispensed justice  
to my vassals in my name, and when  
his decisions appeared unjust to them  
they appealed to me in person.

The gallows, which stood before the  
great gate of the castle, pithily an-  
nounced my power of condemning to  
death within the limits of my county.

By law all smugglers were subject to  
this rigorous penalty, to which my  
deputy always condemned them with  
unsparring severity, and which I always  
committed to a lighter punishment.

At this time the smugglers were in  
greater numbers than they are now, and  
as I had received directions from Court  
to suppress this illegal traffic, I had  
armed my vassals, who patrolled all the  
defiles and by-roads, scoured the moun-  
tains, and assisted the officers of the  
King's customs on all occasions.

The rigorous pursuit of the smugglers in-  
creased their audacity and inspired them  
with desperation and revenge. Before  
they were only dealers in prohibited  
articles; they now became brigands,  
organized regular bands into troops,  
and opposed open resistance in the  
field to the King's and my jurisdiction.

One day fifty of my people were attack-  
ed near La Picade and cruelly massa-  
cered by these bandits; whereupon I  
vowed never again to remit or com-  
mute the sentence of my deputy, but  
to hang up the first smuggler who  
should be captured.

A few days afterwards the worthy  
functionary was announced, and pre-  
sented me with a death-warrant for my  
signature. I hesitated, trembled and  
could not proceed. It is such a shock-  
ing chilling thought that a few letters,  
so rapidly and easily traced, should  
have the power of depriving a fellow-  
creature of life! I tried to read the  
sentence, but my eyes were clouded  
and I could not see distinctly, so I  
asked the steward to read it. He com-  
menced with an official tone, but I  
stopped him at the second line—when

I found that the culprit was a girl on-  
ly eighteen years old!

"My Lord," said the functionary,  
"Milanetta is the daughter of the cap-  
tain of the smugglers. She daily de-  
ceives the vigilance of the guards, and  
passes and repasses between Spain and  
France with intelligence to direct the  
movements of the two troops of band-  
its, and they could not possibly baffle  
our authority but for her. This young  
woman is guilty; I have condemned  
her, and it is your duty to sanction the  
law's award. You have pledged your-  
self to the rigid execution of justice to  
your vassals, and you owe it to the kind.  
The word of a Spanish grande is sac-  
red; therefore, my Lord, you must  
sign that paper."

"Never! What; send a girl only  
eighteen years old to death! I couldn't  
muster strength to do it. What did  
she urge in her defense?"

"Nothing."

"Has she confessed the charge?"

"No."

"Then I suspend the execution of the  
sentence. Conduct Milanetta here. I  
wish to see and interrogate her per-  
sonally."

My deputy obeyed, and in an instant  
afterwards Milanetta stood before me.  
Oh, if you had seen that youthful crea-  
ture, glittering with grace and beauty!  
Had you noticed the sublimity of her  
looks at that trying moment, the clear  
olive of her expansive brow (the sun,  
you know, kisses our Spanish maidens  
with a scorching embrace,) her dark  
tresses floating loose in the mountain  
breeze, her noble attitude and the ma-  
jestic bearing of her head, like me, you  
would first of all have admired; like  
me you would have felt an involuntary  
respect for her; like me, perhaps, you  
would have loved her! I was then only  
twenty-five, and knew nothing of  
women but what I had learned in the  
cloisters of Salamanca or the courts  
and revels of Madrid. I saw a young man,  
who was pacing the hall with hurried  
steps and who desired to converse  
without witnesses.

"I am the Marquis de Clairval," said  
he; "I possess a castle in France,  
which, like yours, is on the very fron-  
tier, and like you I am engaged in  
suppressing smuggling and executing  
justice against those engaged in it."

The name of the Marquis was fa-  
miliar to me, as we had corresponded  
together to devise measures for the  
security of the frontier.

"But," continued he, "however rigid  
and unrelenting may be our justice  
against those taken in the act, it is  
rather too much that we should con-  
demn innocent people to death merely  
because they refuse to give reasons  
for their behavior."

"To what do you allude, Monsieur?"

"Listen to me. A young girl, named  
Milanetta, has fallen into the hands  
of your officers!"

"Ha! can you explain?"

"That is the sole object of my visit.  
It was but this morning that I heard  
of her arrest, her condemnation, and  
that she declined disclosing the moti-  
ve of her frequent trips into France  
by night. I know the cause and am  
come to unfold it to you; but it is in  
full confidence of your honor and dis-  
cretion. Milanetta is mine!"

"Nothing."

"You are a smuggler, then?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why, then, do you cross into France  
every night? What other motive could  
induce you to expose yourself to such  
peril?"

"That I will never disclose."

"Recollect that the only means of  
saving your life is a frank and un-  
reserved declaration of—"

"I know it, but I will not do it. I  
will reply to you, my Lord, as I did to  
your judge: 'I have never smuggled.'  
Whether I cross nightly into France  
or not is my own business, and my mo-  
tives are my own. My doom is spoken;  
let it be executed; I am ready to suffer  
it. My Lord, I shall not answer an-  
other inquiry."

From that moment she was insen-  
sible to advice, menaces or entreaties.  
Nothing could overcome her obstinate  
silence. During three days I was  
constantly with her, and did all that I  
could to extract her secret from her;  
but she treasured in the bottom of  
her heart what she wished to conceal  
from me, while she soon guessed what  
I dared not disclose to her. Yes, it  
was in her chilly and comfortless cell  
that I—her judge, her lord, the arbit-  
er of her life—fell at her feet and re-  
vealed in passionate accents what she  
had already read in my looks and ges-  
tures. It was in her prison, that she  
coldly repulsed my love and rejected  
her pardon on the terms I offered it.

No one who had seen us then would  
have said: "He is the judge and she

is the victim." She was always calm,  
cold and resigned, while I endured  
all the tortures of disappointed love  
irritated by repulses. The vault of  
the prison resounded with my entreaties  
and angry exclamations, with my sighs  
and passionate appeals; and I momentar-  
ily was the prey of every contending  
emotion—now ready to kill Milanetta,  
and now resolving to save her at all hazards;  
now begging her to be mine, and now determined  
to bid the executioner perform his  
fatal office. I was no longer myself—I  
loved for the first time, and the be-  
ing to whom I poured out my heart  
and soul in protestations of adoration,  
transport and idolatry coldly answer-  
ed: "I cannot listen to you; I love  
another." After an awful outburst, I in-  
sisted upon knowing who my rival was,  
but she replied, with the same calmness  
of tone and look, "That you shall  
never know."

At this juncture a violent knocking  
was heard at the prison door. My  
people were looking for me on all  
sides, as a French nobleman had just  
arrived in great haste at the castle  
and demanded to see me immediately.  
I went to him at once, striving in vain  
to hide from my servant the emotions  
with which I was agitated and at  
whose violence I myself was alarmed.  
I made my appearance in the great  
hall, a prey to the most gloomy fore-  
bodings. I there saw a young man,  
who was pacing the hall with hurried  
steps and who desired to converse  
without witnesses.

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REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 21, 1878.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### A WAY TO HELP THE "HOME."

The plan which we have, in connection with "Our Subscribers' Mutual Auxiliary," is this: When the time arrives when we realize a comfortable compensation for our time and trouble, if there is a year without any death occurring among our subscribers, the money which would otherwise be paid to the legal heirs or assigns of a deceased subscriber or subscribers, will be devoted to the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. We intend to make our paper a means of good for all interested in it. The auxiliary plan, we think, is original with us. With us it is purely disinterested—one in which our subscribers should be more interested than we, and if they will put their shoulders to the wheel there is no reason why the scheme may not be brought to a successful issue.

The leading saddler and harness maker of Galesburg, Ill., recently, and asked for some money. While the mistress of the house was in another room looking for some small change for him he made away with a silver watch which was noticed lying on a table. The theft was not discovered till some hours afterward. At last reports the police were on the track of this useless pest and burden of society.

Mr. Adam L. Steiner opened a school for deaf-mutes at 54, Elizabeth St., Milwaukee, Jan. 15th of this year. He teaches by articulation and lip-reading entirely. His class at present numbers nine pupils, six females and three males. The Milwaukee press speaks very highly of his success thus far, and he is warmly supported by the citizens. This school makes three deaf-mute schools for Wisconsin, the other two being at Delaware and St. Joseph, the latter having about twenty-five pupils.

Mr. E. Shoop, of Delaware, O., dealer in monuments, tombstones, and building stones, reports his business good, and that he has jobs now on hand amounting to \$1,000.

Subscribers to the Mirror don't always give their post-office addresses; and sometimes leave the mailing man to the blurred mercies of the post-mark. So do some of ours.

The Star apologizes for its scanty local columns; but can't see why it should, for nothing happened, and it refuses to shoulder the blame. The institution people should be more considerate.

Mrs. P. S. Englehardt, of Milwaukee, died at Berlin, Wis., on the 5th of March, after a lingering illness. The disease was consumption. Mrs. E. was a graduate of the Wisconsin Institution.

Some special invitation the pupils of the deaf-mute department of the Virginia Institution attended a calisthenic exercise entertainment at the Virginia Female Institution, Saturday evening, Feb. 23d.

BISHOP McLaren, of the Diocese of Illinois, has issued a lay reader's license to Mr. E. P. Holmes, of Clarendon Hills, Illinois. Mr. Holmes is thus authorized to read the services of the Episcopal church to the inmates of the Diocese.

The Michigan Institution pupils spent a recent evening in the effort to prove that steam-power is of more benefit to man than the printing press." The Star evidently notices that articulation does not remedy these things. We doubt if there is any cure except a persistent war on them, as with garden weeds. In a paper read before the Convention of Instructors at Indianapolis, in 1870, or in reply to a question, or, we rather think, an outline of an articulationist, Dr. L. L. Peet said: "Just as soon as the deaf-mute is out of his depth, these peculiarities of expression will appear." It is a fact.

ZACCHUS Dinehart, of Fraze City, Minn., says he has sold his big oxen and bought a pair of young horses, for which he paid \$220, and that he is going to sow 60 acres of wheat and oats this spring, and that he and his hired man have cut 1,000 railroad ties, but have not delivered them yet for lack of snow. He says he likes that State better than New York. Mr. Dinehart says he is 22 years old. He has, evidently, a fair start in this world, for becoming a rich farmer. Mr. Cyrus Morse, of whose whereabouts he is anxious to know, lives at Bridgeport Centre, Saginaw Co., Mich.

Among those present at the service held in Galesburg recently were Mr. and Mrs. White, of La Fayette, Ill. Mrs. White was one of the first pupils of Dr. L. L. Peet, and a classmate of the late Mr. Brog, of the Michigan Institution.

The Iowa deaf-mutes being otherwise engaged on the anniversary of George's birth, wrote very good accounts of Washington, from various standpoints, all of which accounts are published by the Companion in a Washington's birthday supplement.

Some of our agents are tardy about sending subscription money which is due us. We desire all such dues to be sent without delay.

### AND FOR YOUR PENSIONS.

The attention of our readers is called to the bonds, he is justly regarded our paper of interest to soldiers of the public (d) sailors of the war of 1812.

These bonds, participation in the rebel army the silver coin we of many were dropped from the co.

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### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We will our friends and readers to keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

There is no sickness, at present, at the Kansas Institution.

MAGGIE Hoskins, of Linden, Wis., died lately of hemorrhage of the lungs.

A new building has lately been finished for the use of the Texas Institution.

The little boys of the Colorado Institution have been cleaning up the grounds.

Mrs. Annie M. Putnam, of Saratoga Springs, a visiting friend in Chicago.

Mrs. Emily Eddy's mother died, quite recently, at the advanced age of 84 years.

FLOWERS have for some time been in blossom in the flower garden of the Michigan Institution.

The Wisconsin Institution rejoices over a new set of type—but the press is not yet as yet.

Miss Mary Landen, of Mt. Gilead, O., is visiting Mr. Emery Shoop's family, at Delaware, O.

The Mirror man's "diddle never saved any [dollars] for us, so we have to do that ourselves."

STOUT City, Iowa, has a deaf and dumb barber. It is a pity there is not more of them—*Chicago Times.*

This time \$30,000 is the price voted to carry the Wisconsin Institution through another twelve months.

A stereoscopic exhibition of pictures was given at the Minnesota Institution in the evening of Feb. 23d.

J. E. Tuttle found ten dollars on the highway recently. If it is not in confederate script, we would not object to it.

Mr. David Ross, of Marion, O., who is a shoemaker, is out of work, and has been doing some visiting among friends.

SUPERINTENDENT Bowles, of Kansas, whose health was recently reported as failing, is, we are glad to note, improving rapidly.

PROF. Brown and Miss Bennett, of the Michigan Institution, delivered two poems in signs at a church social, on the 13th of March.

A young lady graduate, '77, of the Michigan Institution, visited her alma mater recently, and her old classmates gave her a surprise party.

SAY one of our deaf-mutes exchanges: "He put the butt of his gun in the hole to feel for rabbits."—The funeral was numerously attended."

A deaf-mute owner of a tin shop in Mendota, Ill., proposes to sell out and emigrate to Kansas in search of work. We advise him to stay where he is.

We are gratified to learn of the returning health of Prof. McCoy, of the Wisconsin Institution. He is now able to attend to his ordinary duties.

The regular monthly social occurred at the Minnesota Institution Saturday evening, March 1st, and was enjoyed by the pupils in a hearty manner.

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BISHOP McLaren, of the Diocese of Illinois, has issued a lay reader's license to Mr. E. P. Holmes, of Clarendon Hills, Illinois. Mr. Holmes is thus authorized to read the services of the Episcopal church to the inmates of the Diocese.

Among those present at the service held in Galesburg recently were Mr. and Mrs. White, of La Fayette, Ill. Mrs. White was one of the first pupils of Dr. L. L. Peet, and a classmate of the late Mr. Brog, of the Michigan Institution.

The Iowa deaf-mutes being otherwise engaged on the anniversary of George's birth, wrote very good accounts of Washington, from various standpoints, all of which accounts are published by the Companion in a Washington's birthday supplement.

Some of our agents are tardy about sending subscription money which is due us. We desire all such dues to be sent without delay.

### AND FOR YOUR PENSIONS.

The attention of our readers is called to the bonds, he is justly regarded our paper of interest to soldiers of the public (d) sailors of the war of 1812.

These bonds, participation in the rebel army the silver coin we of many were dropped from the co.

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### Local Paragraphs.

Eggs down to 10 cents a dozen.

Mrs. H. C. Bowen, of Brooklyn, has returned to her home.

Joshua Wadley, Sen., has rented the P. M. Carpenter house.

Mrs. P. M. Carpenter has returned to Onondaga Co., N. Y.

The Greenbackers are gaining in numbers in this locality.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Simon Tuller is slightly improved.

Potatoes have lately been very low, the eastern markets being glutted.

The mud has dried out of the roads very fast during the past few days.

Maple molasses has lately been selling on the streets at \$1.25 a gallon.

Ranslo Alfred is going to move back into his own house in Wayne street.

Wellington Barker is going to move into the Skinner house on Main street.

The schools of districts 7, 8, and 9 will all re-open next Monday, March 26th.

Our merchants' trade has been steadily increasing for the past few weeks.

Remember Mr. Carswell's lecture at the M. E. Church this (Wednesday) evening.

Strong Bennett is going to teach the spring term of school at district number 9.

Mr. J. K. Parker is going to open a barber shop in Almon Thomas' building, on Main street.

Albert Buskirk, of this village, is going to move on to the Menter farm in the Everts neighborhood.

Mrs. Aaron Killam has bought a house of R. Bews, in Wayne street, near the corner of Main street.

Mrs. Emily Allen and her daughter, Miss Sarah Allen, of Oswego, visited friends in this village last week.

We hear that M. M. Lucas is going to carry on his watch repairing business in J. C. Taylor's drug store.

Justice Kellogg has materially improved the appearance of his residence by the removal of surplus shade trees.

The ladies of the Woman's Temperance Union will hold a meeting at the Baptist Church, at 3 p. m., next Saturday.

Mrs. Aaron Killam has bought a house of R. Bews, in Wayne street, near the corner of Main street.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1878.

C. Letch, San Francisco ..... \$ 5.00  
Mr. and Mrs. George P. Clapp ..... 100.00  
Miss E. Benedict ..... 10.00  
A Friend, Rochester ..... 10.00  
Woodbury G. Langdon ..... 25.00  
Deaf-mutes in Baltimore for the Home ..... 13.00  
Offering at St. Ann's ..... 1.00  
Mrs. W. K. Thorn ..... 20.00  
St. Mary's, Brooklyn, service for deaf-mutes ..... 32.00  
K. Angel, Providence ..... 20.00  
Church of the Ascension, Fall River ..... 3.50  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Swift

## Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### Deaf-Mutes and District Schools.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Is it practicable to educate deaf-mutes in the district schools? This is the question at issue with the writer. Long experience, covering many years of practical instruction and observation in one of our State Institutions fully convinces me that it is not only practicable, but also very important. That it is practicable will be quite manifest from the following facts and considerations.

The universality of the system, as practiced in the numerous institutions, and the denominational and day-schools, of that class, gives it an easy introduction into the district schools. The mystical clouds that seemed to surround the system in former times are rapidly disappearing, and it is no longer an enigma, requiring, like some secret society, a formal initiation. The hundreds and thousands of graduates from all these schools have, by their contact with the speaking and hearing world, diffused a considerable knowledge of it, and many are their surprises in meeting with strangers who use their own vernacular. It is even sought for by many on account of its novelty, and is extensively practiced by young men and ladies as a means of telegraphing, thereby bringing it into vogue, and the prediction is that it will before long become one of the accomplishments necessary to a scholastic education, as is the case in the parish schools of England. In view of all this, there is a possibility of its being merged in the district schools. The combination would be a new feature, but no less instructive than interesting. The mutes would form but a slight isolation, and the members would take up and spread a knowledge of the language in the neighborhood, thus introducing them into society and breaking up their *clannish* propensities.

If there was an appendix in all the school-books of the present day embodying the manual alphabet and a clear exposition of the basis of the sign language, besides an extra qualification required of the teacher, the success of the plan could be very easily anticipated.

Preference is also given to the district school, on account of the benefits arising from it. Education is said to begin at home, and I say it should end there. Careful observation and investigation into the causes of the dissipation, and consequent pauperism of the present day, fully persuades one that great cities and great educational institutions are answerable. A deaf-mute, taken from all the good influences of a home, and thrust into a crowd of fellows of misfortune like himself, in an elegant and imposing building, and subjected to a change of habits and exercises, almost, if not entirely foreign to that of a home, is sure to acquire habits, tastes and ideas that render him shiftless, capricious and visionary in after life. Cases of uneducated mutes have come to light where they have worked steadily at home all their life and acquired a comfortable competence, thus proving that deaf-mutes, by reason of their misfortune, require but very little schooling—that of ordinary language and arithmetic being sufficient.

Another important feature of the plan is that it will reduce the unsightly pauperism of a State. Complaint gathers thick from every quarter now-a-days that legalized pauperism is increasing to an alarming extent. Deaf-mute institutions are not a proper charity when district schools are found to answer the purpose.

It costs the State, on an average, \$200 per capita to run an institution; a sum of money that would hire a teacher to each deaf-mute at home. But if you send him to the district school every cent would be saved to the State, and wisely so too.

The plan of segregated buildings, that is already gaining favor, and the plurality of institutions in a State, and the prevailing employment of female teachers in the same are incontrovertible evidences of an approximate return to the district school system. A further examination into the merits of the latter will disclose many advantages of vital importance that cannot possibly be gained in a large and unyielding institution.

### GOING TO HELP THE PAPER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Upon seeing the object of your new "Our subscribers' Mutual Auxiliary" plan, as set forth in the JOURNAL, it struck me as a very good, ingenuous and wise one. It is a very simple and practicable one. I will do all I can towards increasing the circulation of your excellent paper during the year from April 1st to the end of March, 1879. A SUBSCRIBER.

Boston, Mass., March 15, 1878.

### A LETTER FROM REV. DR. GALAUDET.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I left home on Wednesday forenoon, Feb. 27th, and attended to some church work in Asbury Park and South Amboy, spending the night with some friends at the latter place. I reached the station in West Philadelphia on Thursday at 4 p.m. I made several calls on relatives and friends. I consulted with Rt. Rev. Bishop Stevens and Rev. Dr. Rudder about our work among deaf-mutes. I made a flying visit at the Institution and exchanged a few words with Mr. Foster, Miss Kirby and others. I stopped for a few moments at the residence of the late Mr. William Welsh, so long a Director of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and had the privilege of a short conversation with Mrs. Welsh, who had, for many years, so effectively aided her husband in his extensive benevolent work. A little before 8 o'clock I reached the Sunday-school room in the rear of St. Stephen's Church, 10th street, above Chestnut, where the Rev. H. W. Syle and upwards of a hundred deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen extended me a hearty welcome. I gave them a lecture on "Sketches from Real Life," taken from my own personal experience, throwing in a few practical inferences by way of admonition and encouragement. After the lecture Mr. Syle and I had a long talk at the Continental Hotel. It was very gratifying to me to hear from him of the success of the different departments of work which had been under his guidance. He and his deaf-mute friends have some plans for the future which I trust will one day become Providential realities. It was my privilege to hold the first church service for deaf-mutes in Philadelphia, in St. Stephen's Church during the rectorship of Rev. Dr. Ducahet, on a Friday evening in February, 1859. Mr. Henry J. Haight and I had been to Baltimore and Washington on a visit and we stopped for this service on our way back. From that time to the present the history of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes in Philadelphia has been another illustration of the growth of the tree from the mustard seed, referred to figuratively by our blessed Saviour when He was upon the earth. May our deaf-mute friends of the city of brotherly love ever continue to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I took the midnight train from Philadelphia and reached Washington Friday, at 6 a.m. I went at once to Kendall Green and breakfasted with my brother's family. He had started a few days before on a journey to visit some of the western Institutions. He had worked very hard on his preparations for opening the new building of the National Deaf-Mute College and needed the change. I was sorry not to have seen him, but felt that his western visit would be followed by good results in the education of deaf-mutes. At 9 o'clock I attended service in the college chapel, Prof. Hotchkiss officiating. Professors Fay, Porter, Chickering, Gordon and Draper were present. There were between forty and fifty students from different parts of our country, representative men who, I trust, will make the world better by their diligent use of the extraordinary privileges which they enjoy. After prayers Mr. Hotchkiss was so kind as to conduct me through the new college building. As it has already been described in the JOURNAL I will not dwell upon the details. I felt impressed with the thought that here was a grand illustration of the effects of object teaching. Beautiful buildings, with their tasteful appointments, must have a beneficial effect upon the characters of those who are gathered within them. I trust my young friends, the students of the National Deaf-Mute College, will, with the Divine blessing, attain unto intellectual and spiritual growth which shall be in harmony with all their surroundings. In the afternoon I visited the Primary Department, the three classes of which were taught by Professors Denison and Ballard and Miss Gordon. On Saturday I had pleasant calls on Miss Pratt and Miss Allen who are in charge of the house-keeping department, and also looked in upon other friends. It was almost a summer day. The grass was green and the early flowers were opening to view. I rested from some of the thoughts and anxieties which enter into my life in New York, and enjoyed the passing hours. At 7:30 p.m. I went to Baltimore, and having called on Rev. Dr. Leeds, became the guest of Mr. Morrison, at the Institution for the Blind. He has for years shown kind hospitality to the different workers among the deaf-mutes of

Baltimore. In addition to his duties as principal of the institution where I stayed, he has the direction of the Institution for the Colored Deaf-Mutes and Blind, in South Broadway. On Sunday, at 11 a.m., in Grace Church, I assisted Rev. Dr. Leeds. We administered the Holy Communion to a large number of persons. At 3 p.m., in the Sunday school room I conducted a short service and addressed a congregation of deaf-mutes. At 4 p.m. we all went into the church. Dr. Leeds read the service and I interpreted. I then made an oral address in relation to "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," dwelling specially on what had been accomplished in Baltimore. On Monday forenoon I started for home, having from Philadelphia for my traveling companion Miss Howard, of New York, who had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Syle for a month. This is a brief record of another of those trips which I am prudently called to take from time to time to help on the church work among deaf-mutes. I have reason to think that they are instrumental in accomplishing some good results. I shall watch with much interest your simple plan of life insurance, as set forth in the JOURNAL. With an earnest desire to see your paper reach a circulation which will make it a complete success, I am

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.

### HARTFORD CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 13, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The American Asylum has recently established two good things in her midst—a reading-room and a daily paper.

The boys in the shop made two reading-desks, each sixteen feet long, one having two sides, to stand in the middle of the room, the other to lean against the wall. On these desks are spread out and properly fixed the newspapers received, among which are the three city daily papers, the *Courant*, *Post*, and *Times*, the New York Daily *Tribune*, the various papers published for the deaf and dumb, many weeklys sent from different places in New England, and several religious papers. For illustrated papers there are Harper's and the Christian *Weeklies*. On a table, in the room, are copies of the reports of the deaf and dumb institutions, a dictionary of the Bible, as well as Webster's, geographies, and such general books of reference, mostly illustrated, Harper's and Scribner's *Monthlies*, in temporary binding, and bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* and the like, which attract with their pictures. The *Chatterbox*, *Wide-Awake* and the *Nursery* furnish interesting matter, in language adapted to youthful minds, and are abundantly embellished with pictures. The newspapers rarely get injured, while, before the desks were made, they were almost always torn to rags in a week or two, from being piled on each other, and by being tumbled and pulled about. It cannot be said that all the papers are fully read and the subject matter well digested, but the pictures always interest, the different pupils turn to their different home papers for local home news and the city items, of frequent direct interest to the scholars, receive full attention. So those publishers who send papers free should feel that their generosity is not wasted.

But while the more advanced classes derive benefit from the reading-room, there are many who cannot well understand what was, generally speaking, written for men of mature minds. Indeed how could they, with undeveloped powers of thought, and a poorer command of language than that which their hearing fellows of equal age have? So the *Daily News* was started.

Since the report has spread of a daily being published here, our principal has received numerous inquiries as to its size, number of subscribers, price of subscription, and so on.

The paper is printed by an electric pen and press. This pen is more like a lead pencil than a pen. Instead of

being moved by a small wheel, at the top

which is, in its turn, rotated by an

electric current from a voltaic battery.

The wires connecting the wheel and

battery are gathered together in a

flexible cord, so the pen may be moved

about in writing, with ease. A thin

sheet of paper is taken. As the pen

moves along the needle moves up and

down, and makes a multitude of mi-

nute holes in the paper, where ink

would be with a common pen, some-

what as children prick letters in paper

with a pin, but the holes made by the

electric pen are much smaller and clo-

se or together. When the writing is

done you have a prepared sheet, like a

stencil plate. This sheet is now put

on top of another sheet, and a roller

covered with printers' ink, is rolled on it. The ink goes down through the small holes which were made by the needle of the electric pen, and the sheet below is printed with what was written before.

Additional copies can be obtained as fast as a boy can roll the sheet three or four rubs and snatch them out of the press one by one.

The principal and teachers take turns at editing. They write down in simple language the news of the day, whether foreign, home, or strictly local, choosing that which will most interest or benefit the pupils, and not beyond their comprehension. The copy is usually ready at the close of school-hours at 4 o'clock. A careful man, an accurate speller, writes with the electric pen to prepare the "stencil" sheet. This takes about half an hour each day, and two or three of the pupils can do the rest. So that the copies are ready for distribution, to those who can read them, at 8 p.m., at the close of the study hour. About 150 copies are printed, five days in the week. We use smooth yellow paper, which is cheap and just as good as white for the purpose. Each sheet is eight inches by twelve, printed on one side only. It will hold about two hundred and fifty words, which make enough matter for the pupils to master in one day, in addition to their regular school work.

It will be seen that this *Daily News* cannot well be sent to distant persons regularly. It is too small, and the postage would amount to a great deal, but it serves its purpose, almost perfectly. The pupils reach eagerly for it, and begin reading at once. They are interested because they understand Day by day, in the school-room, they are required to give an account, more or less full, of what they have read. They learn new words and phrases. News of interest to themselves only, such as pantomimes in the chapel, visits to shows, and the like, are put in such shape that they can write intelligently about them to their friends. They acquire an interest in the affairs of the outer world, and are thus prepared to overcome the difficulties of reading and understanding the average newspaper, from which so many deaf-mutes turn away with mingled disgust and despair.

As to the cost, it is not great. The battery, in frequent use, should not take over fifty cents a month for the acids, and as for the paper, ink and labor, any one can calculate those expenses.

It must not be supposed that the electric pen is used for the *Daily News* alone. Stories, questions, examination papers and the like can be prepared with it, so that it is becoming indispensable. It is much liked at the Rochester Institution and would be in every institution, as soon as introduced. We tried the paragraph before the pen, but found it more expensive to use, and requiring greater pains.

Mrs. Clerc, who is living near us, was confined to her bed recently, but is now improving in strength, notwithstanding her 86 years. We hope that she may live many years longer, as she is almost the only one remaining of those who were so closely connected with the origin of our school. Napoleon and Washington do not seem to be so very far off when we remember that her husband saw the former, and that she was six years old when the latter died.

Wm. L. Bird.

### BOSTON AND VICINITY NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Sunday, the 24th of Feb., Boylston Hall was crowded, in the forenoon, to hear a sermon delivered by Prof. Atwood, of Newburyport. He preached it especially to those who strayed and fell from the way of the righteous, and urged them to return at once to Jesus; no matter how far they have strayed. In the afternoon a religious conference was to be held, but was necessarily postponed, because one of the committee forgot to take with him a report to be read. In

stead of holding a conference, brief speeches were made by different parties on Prof. Atwood's sermon, and the hall was filled.

In the evening a large audience attended the prayer-meeting. A religious feeling was awakened, and a good number rose for prayers.

On Sunday, the 3d inst., Mr. Bailey, of Marblehead, delivered a very good sermon before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, which was well attended.

On the evening of the 6th inst., Mr. W. H. Goldsmith, of Cambridgeport, delivered a good lecture on the adventures and struggles of a young widow and her baby daughter. He drew a full house. It was the largest audience on lecture evening the Boston Deaf-Mute Society ever had.

On Sunday, the 10th inst., Mr. David, of Amherst, N. H., conducted a service at Boylston Hall.

On the evening of the 12th inst., despite the bad rain storm, a very large company of mute friends of Mr. T. P. Marsh, one of our most prominent and respectable mute gentlemen, met at his residence in Roslindale for a surprise party, which proved to be the most successful and prominent affair. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, who were invited and stayed to tea at the residence of their daughter, Mrs. Adam Acheson, on purpose to let the company go in Mr. Marsh's house, went home in due time. On finding the front door unlocked they were scared, being under the impression that their house might have been broken into by burglars, and cautiously went in to fight the intruders. They were completely surprised on being besieged by their many friends, who congratulated and presented the host and hostess with many good and useful presents, including several sums of money, a pair of gold spectacles, and other valuables. They soon recovered from their embarrassment, cordially greeted the guests, and expressed many sincere thanks for the presents brought. An excellent collation was provided, and a happy evening was spent in various amusements till late in the evening when the guests went on board the special car, which soon rolled into Boston. It was the largest and best party they ever enjoyed. Much credit was due to Mrs. Chas. P. Wise, one of our most popular ladies, who conceived the idea and got up the most successful and enjoyable party. The guests were mostly of the prominent and intelligent mute gentlemen and ladies. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. Lynde, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes, Mrs. Amos Smith and Mrs. I. L. Wheeler.

The other evening we were favored

with a visit from Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, at Boylston Hall.

He was the most jolly mute we ever saw, and we always enjoyed his visit.

He can invent any jollity to make long faces short. His books, "History of the first school for deaf-mutes," were all sold, and he has just ordered a thousand more copies, which are now in the hands of the printer and will shortly be ready.

We congratulate him on his success in selling, and those who have not his books yet should at once enclose and send 25 cents each, and they will get the valuable books in return.

The other evening a well-known mute gentleman, who lives not a thousand miles from Boston, went to Melrose, one of the many suburbs of Boston, to see Mr. Chas. A. Douglas,

the well-known mute sportsman. While

he was hurriedly walking in the darkness, on returning to the depot, he

parted a little farther from this mute

friend of Mr. Douglas, who escorted him, and overstepped the edge of the sidewalk.

The result was that he fell headlong and lay flat in the gutter, and

a bundle, that he carried under his arm, flew many feet up in the air.

He was a good deal scared, but was happily not injured in the least.

He learned a good lesson from the result, and went arm in arm with his escort, who enjoyed the misfortune hugely.

He got to the depot just in time to take the last Boston train. Had it occurred

only on the next evening, he would

have got wet and muddy, for it was a

muddy day and the gutters were full of slush.

A petition has been largely signed,

asking Mr. Swett, the general manager of the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes, to withdraw his agents

who solicited funds in Boston and vi-

cinity, because they did not believe in

the good name of the Boston Deaf-

Mute Society injured and mixed up

with the Industrial Home affairs.

Among the many signers were Lynde,

Marsh, Tillinghast, Holmes, Living-

stone, D. White, Krause, Magee and

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 21, 1878.

## OPENING OF THE SEASON'S FARM WORK.

It has been suggested that we ought to say something to deaf-mute farmers in regard to the preparations for their annual round of summer's work. Presuming that deaf-mute farming, if properly conducted, is very much like that of other people, we offer a few hints which, if heeded, may prove of benefit to those deaf-mutes with whom farming is a chosen or enforced calling.

There is a wide difference of dates in the beginning of spring's allotted work in the northern and southern portions of this country, but to a majority of our readers who live in the northern part of the Union, these hints may be in season: those who live too far south to reap their benefits this year may, another year, put them in practice, perhaps, with good advantage to themselves.

We will suppose that the majority of those managing ordinary sized farms have had a good rest from last summer's hard work; at least we infer from observation that a large number of farmers pass their winters in caring for their stock, performing other light labor—except the time occupied in cutting and hauling wood for the year's supply—and in making themselves comfortable, enjoying occasional or frequent rides, attending meetings, parties and calls, gleanings newspapers and periodicals, and reading good and useful books.

With perhaps few exceptions the above, we think, is a true outline of the most of small farmers' winters, at least in the higher latitudes of our country, which are subject to cold weather and more or less snow; and we are talking to a class of people, the larger part of whom live on small farms. It follows, then, that after several months of comparative ease and relaxation from the excessive hard toil of their summer's work, there is among farmers in particular—and more or less of it pervades other people—a torpid feeling of languor and, consequently, a natural desire for further inactivity and rest. It requires something of a determination and resolute ambition to overcome this satisfied sensation of inertia, and, we fear, too many have but little inclination to overcome it, while many others, more ambitious, bounces precipitately from their winter's nest—for so it may properly be termed—into the rounds of hard, muscular work, thinking to make up, in a few days, what they now look back upon as mis-spent time. This sudden change in their programme may be endured by some, while others, with less powers of physical endurance than resolution of will, make one desperate plunge into the dreaded cold bath of hard work, and after a few days of trial, emerge, not like one returning from the invigorating and pleasing recreations of a Russian bath, but with sensations akin to those of a sick and half-drowned rat, glad to hunt their holes, and dreading to repeat the experiment. A very little reason, tinted with a little common sense, suggests a wiser plan for one who wishes to make a season's work pleasant as well as profitable.

The proper and best way is to begin mildly and lightly with farm work, in the spring, by doing a small day's work at first, and changing to some other kind of work, which may need to be done, or take a brief rest from all work, as soon as the physical powers begin to relax, instead of persevering without intermission, when nature is making her imperative demands for rest. By commencing farm work in the spring, after the above method, even those of light frames and weakly constitutions often become gradually seasoned to hard work on the farm, and succeed in accomplishing a great amount of physical labor, and with pleasant and profitable results.

At this season of the year there are old fences to be repaired and new ones to be built; there is manure to be carted away to be used on the poorest parts of the land; there is old rubbish to be disposed of and sticks and brush to be cleared away; some land is stony and unpleasant for the use of the mowing machine, the reaper, cradle or hand scythe, and while the ground is soft and pliable is the best time to dig out boulders, which, in dry weather are fast in the earth and are with much hard work and difficulty removed. A stone-bone may be used very advantageously on the farm when the ground is damp and soft, while a wagon would run hard and make deep ruts in the land, and, sometimes, seriously impair the meadow or pasture by destroying the grass roots. In the orchard there will be found broken branches and

decayed trees which call for a removal. A few seeds for very early use in the garden are started near the fire in the house by some people, by sowing them in rich earth, placed in old tin cans or small wooden boxes. The earth should be kept moist, and, after the plants are up, they should be gradually tempered to the outdoor climate by removing them, on warm days, farther from the stove, and by placing them in the windows where the rays of the sun will fall on them. Little by little the plants may be introduced to the outside temperature, always taking care that they do not get chilled, and as soon as the weather and ground will admit they may be transplanted in the garden, which is to be carefully done, where, if the soil is rich, they will soon take deep root and acquire a healthy growth.

Horses, cows, sheep and poultry now demand especial care, and they should be well fed, watered and made comfortable. Kind care and good keeping make them sources of greater profits for their owners, while inattention and too little or poor feed always bring rewards according to the owners' stinginess.

We need not advise as to the minutiae of the dairy, or the details of plowing, harrowing, sowing, planting, tilling and gathering of the crops usually raised on the farms of our country. Observation and the test of experience will indicate the kinds of farm crops which prove the most profitable, which vary greatly according to the climate, location, ingredients and productiveness of the soil, price of the crops and the facilities for and the demands of the markets where the farmer resides.

He has a deaf-mute patient. We were not permitted to see him, for fear that we might excite his insanity and angry. Mr. Thomas H. Tillinghast took me to the cemetery, yesterday, where he showed me the grave of Mr. Bull, a deaf-mute who died in this institution.

He was supervisor of the boys, in

the New York Institution, when ill health compelled him to seek a warmer climate for the restoration of his health; but, unfortunately, he was carried off by that cruel disease, consumption. Mr. Gudgeon showed me an old house where President Johnson was born. One of the doctors told me that Raleigh has been particularly blessed in health for the last twelve months. He has treated 456 cases of sickness, and has not yet lost one by death. Last night I took tea and passed the evening with Mr. Tillinghast and his brother David, very pleasantly. Many of your readers know Mr. David Tillinghast well, because he was educated at the New York Institution, and was, for six years, a teacher in that institution, to the entire satisfaction of Dr. Peet. I am told that he is a skillful instructor and that he has done more good than any other teacher. He has an affectionate wife, and four bright, speaking children. He has a comfortable home of his own. He and his wife must be happy.

I shall call on Gov. Vance again this

morning, not only to bid him good-bye, but also to receive a letter of introduction from him, which I shall hand to Gov. Hampton, of South Carolina, when I reach Columbia. Such letters always enable me to get along well. Time forbids my writing any more. I leave here for Charlotte C. H., to-morrow. This leaves me in good health, for which I thank God.

Yours sincerely,  
JOHN TURNER.  
Raleigh, N. C., March 7, 1878.

An Hour in a Marble Yard.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Having noticed the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, its contents and its itemizer, at a neighbor's ours, I thought I would pen a few lines for your valuable paper that will interest your readers, in reference to whether they have any deaf-mute sculptor and designer equal to the one I visited one day last winter. I saw his name in a paper published in this city, last fall, but have forgotten what paper, which spoke very highly of his remarkable skill as a designer and sculptor, who cannot be distinguished from those of modern and ancient genius in his work of art.

It is not often that a visit to deaf-mutes creates any feelings but those of emotion and sympathy. Notwithstanding, I spent a very pleasant hour at the West Meriden marble yard. The visitor would be struck with the exquisite chiseling of one of the workers who is a deaf-mute, and to whom is entrusted all the intricate and finer work, such as carving ivy, leaves, laurels, flowers, figures and emblems of nature, full of life, in relief, symbols of immortality. He does other ornamenting, besides lettering inscriptions, has rare facilities for catching an idea, and telis what emblems and the language of flowers, etc., signify. A plan shown him needs no further instruction, as he has had twenty-seven years' experience and study. He can also duplicate whatever may be brought to him in granite or marble, to the minutest detail.

Passing into the work-shop was a magnificent shaft sixteen feet high, which greeted our vision. It is carved in elegant and tasteful design, and was to be surmounted by a figure of the blessed virgin, all in exquisite

taste. The foreman informed us that all the carving and the figure was executed by the deaf-mute, and that the work was to be set up in some cemetery in Hartford, where the deaf and dumb received their first instruction in American. He has just completed another large statue in brown stone, from a small model six inches high to the size of that of adults, with wonderful accuracy; and we were, also, shown several of his monumental designs, artistically executed, new and unique, which bespeak much for him as a sculptor.

A VISITOR.  
West Meriden, Conn., Mar. 12, 1878.

## Correspondence.

Professor Job Turner Enjoyed his Southern Visit.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I wish I could express how much I am enjoying my visit here. I think much better of this State than I did before I came here. These people are a great State by nature, but have done little for them-selves.

My old pupil, Mr. Tillinghast, and I went to the insane asylum with Mr. Gudger's mail-boy. We were kindly shown over the hospital, about six hundred feet long, which presents an imposing appearance at a distance. It has a very fine vegetable garden, where they raise more vegetables than the patients want. The steward told me that grapes, and other fruits were freely sent from the garden to the lunatics.

Gov. Vance, with whom I had the pleasure of dining yesterday, told me that the number of insane has greatly increased since the war, caused probably by misfortune. The superintendent of the asylum is a very fine looking gentleman, and seems to have had many years' experience as a physician. His fine personal appearance and courteous manners pleased us very much.

We need not advise as to the minutiae of the dairy, or the details of plowing, harrowing, sowing, planting, tilling and gathering of the crops usually raised on the farms of our country. Observation and the test of experience will indicate the kinds of farm crops which prove the most profitable, which vary greatly according to the climate, location, ingredients and productiveness of the soil, price of the crops and the facilities for and the demands of the markets where the farmer resides.

He has a deaf-mute patient. We were not permitted to see him, for fear

that we might excite his insanity and angry. Mr. Thomas H. Tillinghast took me to the cemetery, yesterday, where he showed me the grave of Mr. Bull, a deaf-mute who died in this institution.

He was supervisor of the boys, in the New York Institution, when ill health compelled him to seek a warmer climate for the restoration of his health; but, unfortunately, he was carried off by that cruel disease, consumption.

Mr. Gudgeon showed me an old house where President Johnson was born. One of the doctors told me that Raleigh has been particularly blessed in health for the last twelve months. He has treated 456 cases of sickness, and has not yet lost one by death. Last night I took tea and passed the evening with Mr. Tillinghast and his brother David, very pleasantly. Many of your readers know Mr. David Tillinghast well, because he was educated at the New York Institution, and was, for six years, a teacher in that institution, to the entire satisfaction of Dr. Peet.

I am told that he is a skillful instructor and that he has done more good than any other teacher. He has an affectionate wife, and four bright, speaking children. He has a comfortable home of his own. He and his wife must be happy.

I shall call on Gov. Vance again this

morning, not only to bid him good-bye,

but also to receive a letter of introduction from him, which I shall hand to Gov. Hampton, of South Carolina, when I reach Columbia.

Such letters always enable me to get along well. Time forbids my writing any more. I leave here for Charlotte C. H., to-morrow. This leaves me in good health, for which I thank God.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN TURNER.

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A VISITOR.

West Meriden, Conn., Mar. 12, 1878.

—Gold went down to 101 March 2d.

—A herd of horses was lately drowned at Wallaceburg, Ont., by the ice giving away.

—It is reported that the debts that Victor Emanuel left behind him amount to \$3,000,000.

—Five stores burned at Eaton Raps

ids, Mich., on the morning of March

11th. Loss \$10,000.

—The American Brush Company's factory, at East Haven, Conn., was destroyed by an incendiary fire, on the 11th inst.

—A new Presbyterian church, costing \$100,000, was dedicated at Montreal, on the 10th inst., by Dr. Ormsby.

—The body of John Burns, United States Marshall, missing since Jan. 1st, was found in the ferry slip, at Nyack, N. Y., on the 1st inst.

—A baggage car, with all its contents including a considerable amount of mail matter, burned March 11th, while approaching Edgerton, Ind.

—A boy named O'Connor, aged 13 years, was recently drowned at Trenton, Can., by the ice giving away while he was crossing with a load of wood.

—A despatch from Constantinople, received at London, on the 11th inst., stated that 700 Circassians perished at Long Branch, implicated by confession of a number of other persons.

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